

Coln. P. 41 -

NOVEMBER, 1916

THE LORD HAS COME!



Lucy A. Rose Mallory
Editor
Portland Ore.
U.S.A.

HEREIN IS PEACE AND SAFETY

WHOLE-WORLD

SOUL-COMMUNION TIME TABLE.

There was Silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour.—Rev. viii.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through The World's Advance-Thought for Soul-Communion of all who love their fellow-men, REGARDLESS OF RACE OR CREED—the object being to invoke, through co-operation of thought and unity in spiritual aspiration, the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Portland, Oregon, U. S. A., it is at—	
Austin, Texas	1:43 p. m.
Augusta, Maine	3:03 p. m.
Boston, Mass.	3:28 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.	3:08 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.	3:18 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland	8:41 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.	4:18 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia	9:09 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.	2:55 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey	10:11 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Charlottown, Pr. Ed. Id.	3:58 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.	2:48 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio	2:38 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.	3:43 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela	3:46 p. m.
Chicago	2:20 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland	7:46 p. m.
Denver, Colo.	1:08 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.	2:38 p. m.
Dover, Delaware	3:09 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland	8:01 p. m.
Frankfort, Germany	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.	2:33 p. m.
Ft. Kearney, Neb.	1:33 p. m.
Fredrickton, New Bruns.	3:43 p. m.
Georgetown, British Gua.	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:51 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.	3:03 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.	9:51 a. m.
Iowa City, Iowa	2:03 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.	2:28 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine	10:31 p. m.
London, Eng.	8:11 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal	7:49 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan.	1:48 p. m.
Lima, Peru	3:04 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.	2:03 p. m.
Milwaukee	2:18 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.	2:11 p. m.
Montreal, Canada	m.
Nashville, Tenn.	2:23 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.	3:18 p. m.
New York City	3:15 p. m.
Newport, R. I.	3:28 p. m.

Norfolk, Va.	3:05 p. m.
New Orleans, La.	2:11 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.	1:38 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada	3:08 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.	3:11 p. m.
Panama, New Granada	2:53 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.	2:51 p. m.
Paris, France	8:19 p. m.
Rome, Italy	9:01 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia	10:11 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.	2:48 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.	2:11 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.	1:07 p. m.
St. Johns, Newfoundland	8:38 p. m.
San Domingo, W. I.	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
Spanishtown, Jamaica	3:36 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota	1:48 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah	12:43 p. m.
Santiago, Chili	3:28 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.	3:21 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.	12:01 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.	2:33 p. m.
Vienna, Austria	9:21 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.	2:08 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico	1:48 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.	3:01 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash.	12:18 p. m.

Why allow the misery of ignorance and death to stand in the way of the acquirement of the Joy of Wisdom and Life?

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THE WORLD'S ADVANCE THOUGHT.

THE AVANT-COURIER OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION.

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The Lord Has Come.

Keep a smile in your heart, and it will show
on your face, and you will never grow old.

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ROENTGEN RAYS

Calla L. Harcourt

Dame Science is growing clairvoyant, they
say;

She turns her deep gaze from the stars,
Puts her glasses aside, shuts her eyes in the
dark,

And looks right through walls and through
bars;

Finds matter transparent, and even declares

She sees what the sunshine has missed,
A living form stript of the flesh that it
wears—

A skeleton clad but in mist.

O Science is growing so wonderfully wise,

She says with a mystical wink:

"Perhaps you may see in a very short while

Your brain, and behold yourself think."

Man's thought stands in awe on the border-
land dim,

Where regions untrodden extend;

New vistas undreamed of are opening to him,

And none may predict where they'll end.

Hid deep in the heart of the world is a hope

That one of these days we may find

That Science has found a new searchlight
that sweeps

The bridge between matter and mind,

And the soul stands revealed through its
windings of clay—

How swift would the glad tidings run!

The dream of all ages confirmed in a day—

The crown of all centuries won!

Some years past I gave a short account of
the following extraordinary experience, in
the World's Advance Thought, but there are
many new readers now who we think will be
glad to read it, and maybe most of those who
read it have forgotten it.

This is one of those experiences that im-
presses itself so firmly on the memory that
no part of it can be obliterated while con-
sciousness lasts.

It was on the morning of my tenth birth-
day that this experience came upon me. At
this time there was the nucleus of a little
burg settled in and around Roseburg, Oregon,
and there were several families with chil-
dren. One day a man, with twelve girls and
one boy, who had located on land about a
mile down the river, came to see if he could
get a school started, and he assembled to-
gether all the fathers and said to them: "We
ort to hev a skul for our youngsters; my
wife can read as fast as a horse can trot,
and she will teach it." This was enough;
the school was started. And the woman who
could read as fast as a horse can trot tried
to teach the children to read. Books were
scarce, and the whole class had to read from
one book, so after one had read a sentence
it was passed on to the next pupil.

It was at this school I had the mysterious
touch from Harmony's Heaven, that blesses
me so abundantly all through the years. As
I said before, it came to me on my tenth
birthday, and it came about ten o'clock in
the morning, on the tenth day of the tenth
month of the year, and I am writing the ac-
count of it on the anniversary of its happen-
ing, and I feel that it will leave a blessing
with every one who reads it.

Our teacher had the children who could
read stand in a row, beginning with the larg-
est, and ending with me, the smallest. All
had read a sentence, and it was my turn,
but as I took the book in my hand there
came a peculiar sensation on top of my
head that went all through my body and
seemed to pass out through the toes of my

feet, and when it had passed, instantly I was a new being, filled with the joy of life.

It is indelible the ecstasy that welled through my being.

Everything, no matter how bad or unpleasant it may have appeared to me before this came upon me, was good and beautiful and filled me with rejoicing. When I walked it seemed as if the air bore my weight, and I glided along without effort, in perfect gladness.

The most wonderful part of this marvelous transformation was the changing from an ignorant child, in the twinkling of an eye, to a wise, cultured philosopher with the **Wisdom of the Ages at my command.** I knew everything or rather I was everything. I answered all questions propounded to me wisely and correctly.

I was like one born from the darkness of night into the sunlight of day. I was a new being, filled with ecstatic bliss so great that it could not be disturbed. Everything about me was the same as it had been; and one day a man picked me up and put me on an Indian pony, and the pony was scared and began to jump stiff-legged and it threw me off against a log and hurt me so that the pain was intense, and also I was burned quite severely, and the pain from these two mishaps would have been ordinarily almost unbearable, but it was all delightful and I rejoiced in it. Everything that happened to me was joy and gladness.

During the time I was in this state of consciousness, I did not eat, except a very little the first week by compulsion and I never once lost consciousness in sleep. All night I laid in a state of ecstasy. I did not lose any flesh and my health was perfect.

This wonderful state of being lasted six months to the day and then it went as suddenly as it came. It left with the same peculiar sensation that came with its inception; only it commenced at my toes, and went out at the top of my head.

It was a glorious, marvelous experience to come to a ten-year-old child, and a very inexperienced child, too.

It would not seem so wonderful if I had been older and had been familiar with occult thoughts, as most all are in these days.

This glorious oneness with the Celestial World that I was permitted to enter has

been the greatest blessing that could have been bestowed upon me. I know there is a **Heaven that can be made manifest**, for I have found it. I know that sometime I shall know how to gain Eternal Life without passing through the door we call "death." I know that the transformation of death can be overcome even after it has manifested, when I have learned the Law.—Lucy A. Rose Mal-

EVER ONWARD.

The anomaly called "death," that takes off the physical form, is looked upon as a normal and necessary fact—whose symbols are the bud that parts the calyx to become a flower, or the insect that sheds the chrysalis to put on the butterfly. This is not the Age of the Divine-Natural, but the sentimental-natural.

But the seed-thoughts of the Divine evolution were started centuries ago, and the Formative Word will emerge in the New Cycle of this New Spiritual Age. Nature is the stepping stone by which all rise to greater and greater perfection.

The blind are led in a way they know not of; the stone feels its way to the flower; thus the embryo is ever feeling its way to more Light—greater Wisdom.

The agony, the suffering and unrest of Humanity in this time are labor pains; the New is struggling for birth. New organs are involved within the old; and the New comes through struggling against the Old to bring it into subjection. The throes of the very sensitive at this time are indescribable—they suffer organically in many ways. Their state is called "morbid," for they revolt against the world pressure. Wastings commence in the atomic particles, whose masses now turn to separateness and freedom. The transition is painful, for the natural potencies recede for a time. The wheels of being roll heavily. It is as if within the organization there were war. Then comes a night of rest and rehabilitation. The body learns to expand and dilate and open far beyond his visible outlines. The area of sensation is broadened.

Yes; the flesh man, the visible body, will be glorified, spiritualized and awakened to conscious volition; it will be absorbed by and made one with the spirit that animated it. Then mortal will put on the Immortal,

KEY THOUGHTS.

Heaven is individual, not collective.

The Key-Notes of the New Dispensation are sounding.

The physical birth is an external birth. Immortality is a birth from within.

If you are cruel to the animal world or thoughtless of their welfare, you will never be comfortable yourself.

He who thinketh evil hath already committed it. To wish to hang or lynch some one is to commit murder.

If you want the pleasant things of life—health, strength, prosperity, intelligence, Wisdom—you must Live in Love.

All things, both good or bad, are lessons to be studied and learned for growth to a higher plane of unfoldment.

Prospective mothers should feel and think the beautiful, then their offspring will be healthy, happy and wise, and the world will be blest in them.

Selfishness is always a beggar, no matter though he own millions, because selfishness is always grasping and greedy and has nothing to give in return.

No one can conceive of a hell for others until he has been in one himself. We could not think of sending people to hell if we did not already have one to send them to.

Nature of whatever kind is illimitable. It only seems to be limited in the forms that outwardly manifest it. Ignorance is the thing that binds us. When Wisdom comes limitation is removed.

Eternal progress toward perfection is the purpose of the human mind. The sun of this world is to it what the soul is to the human mind. The human soul is not the mind any more than the Earth is the sun; but Life passing into it and radiating from it gives to the mind all its activity and power.

Marvelous inventions are coming rapidly these times. One of these days some one will find out how to make summer or winter in our homes, just as we want it. Now it seems an impossibility, but so did all the wonderful inventions we have, until some thinkers searched and found out how to make them real.

Life is seen only in its manifestations.

Every creed thinks that it has found the road to Heaven and has a monopoly on it.

When the Two Worlds blend then you will know.

The fruit that Whole-World Soul Communion and Advanced Thought has sown and grown is rapidly ripening.

The address of the New Home is 515 Morrison street. Our readers and exchanges will please take note.

Good is always in the ascendant, no matter how many evil aspects appear. The Good always transforms the evil to itself.

It is the things to come that we enjoy, not what we have got. If we change this and give the New first place we will enjoy all the time.

In the darkness of doubt when the soul has passed its thirtieth year it begins to wane. In the Light of Knowing one never wanes.

How true it is that "as ye sow, so shall ye reap." The States in favor of the liquor traffic get all the disorderly, intemperate population; and the States in favor of Prohibition get the orderly, peace-loving people.

Each mind is "the house not made with hands, eternal in the (spiritual) Heavens," which is inhabited by the spirit-thought-forms of the individual's thoughts. The invitations for these spirits to come and camp in this "house" of consciousness are his cultivated thoughts.

People the world over have been and are still looking for a Savior, but they are looking beyond, expecting a God to send the Savior. When they stop expecting him to drop down from the skies, and look to themselves, they will find the Savior who will never fail to "save."

Blasphemy and Atheism is cruelty to any form of Life. This is the denial of God, for the Beautiful Divine Spirit of the Lord of Hosts is the Life of all—Angels, spirits, humans, animals, insects, vegetables, minerals. And to hold any wrong thought or act against any of these is to hold it against the Holy, Ever-Present Guest.

and death itself will die, and the Earth too will be Immortal.

To him who overcometh is given the renewed body, from first principles to ultimates, with no member deficient, shorn of no attribute, revealing in plenitude the measure of Perfected Man.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

THE COMING WOMANKIND.

The endowment of Saintship comes not alone as a spiritual but as a terrestrial possibility. It comes in a long series of organic transformations, organ by organ. The man-tree-root in the animal, vegetable and mineral realms of Nature and its fruit is from the passion blood of instinct, and its branches wave in the air-deeps of the world's breath, and when it falls off the old man nothing remains of the visible form, but the recreation of the New keeps pace with the destruction of the Old. And in this New Age the growths of this coming Womankind, New Life cannot be grafted into old conditions—all things become new, folded in the resplendencies and beatitudes of God.

The Kingdom of Peace, Love and Wisdom has never extended into ultimates because the man-family has never been clean enough for this Kingdom to embody itself. The spirit of Humanity is visited and moved by high principles and powers, but the body of Humanity remains subject to error and misrule. But the incoming cycle will bring more Light and Love and Wisdom. The Twins of Divinity will be born in the hearts of Humanity and the long sought Kingdom will materialize.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

No mere selfish prayer can heal one permanently. Send out your blessings continuously and see and speak of the good in all, and as these good spiritual currents flow from you the Angelic influences will flow into your being, and in those Divine currents are health, strength, happiness, prosperity

No one can be himself happy and healthy who is continually calling attention to the spiritual diseases (discords) of others, for the same elements flow into one's being as flow out of it. "As ye give, ye receive."

PROMOTED.

The World's Advance Thought has been promoted to a higher manifestation in a lovely New Home.

The Spirit of this Home blesses all who enter it, according to their capacity to receive. The Spirit of the Home takes every one into Her sunny embrace. She welcomes them with a sunshine smile that dispels cares and makes the being receptive, and hope blossoms therein.

The Spirit of the World's Advance Thought's Home will give to everyone who has entered its consciousness, in whatever part of the globe they may be sojourning, and give to each its help in growing force.

So, dear friend, wherever you are, when you think of the Home in love, you may know that its Spirit is blessing you.

Animals are ourselves on a lower plane of evolution, and bear to us the relation that the roots bear to the blossoms in the plant. You cannot have perfect blossoms by injuring the roots. The difference between us and the animals is the difference between natural intelligence and cultivated intelligence. If we had never had any training or education we would still be animals, with purely animal passions and propensities. Love and kindness distinguishes us from the ferocious wild beasts. If love and devotion stand at the top, the dog is in advance of numbers of human beings. It is only in recent years that any effort has been made to educate and train dogs and horses, and the success attending the few efforts made prove that the human faculties can be unfolded and trained in animals.

One says: "I want to be told of my faults. I will be grateful to any one who tells me of them." And you will be surprised at the anger you have induced to expression if you even hint that he has one little fault. Also the same manifests if you criticize in the least the critic.

Love is the Universal Language that is understood by all nationalities. If you have Love—Genuine Love—in your heart you can be understood in any country in the world.

LOVE IN UNITY GIVES STRENGTH

A SOUL-COMMUNION MESSAGE.

The Great Voice that declares Truth through all time is composed of two voices—the woman's voice and the man's voice. Man has the strong, resounding key; woman gives out the tender, minor key; and if this ceased, it would continue with the hardness of strength only. With woman the power of Love is predominant, and this determines woman's special mission: its aim is to get Truth into the heart and unite it with Love.

Love is not taught—it is inspired. Love is not born in man through instruction; it springs from inspiration, and inspiration depends upon the most tender influences that exist in the soul. It depends upon many delicate shades and distinctions, on a multitude of almost imperceptible circumstances, on an invisible orb of emotions, memories, dreams and hopes, which distinguishes every being, one from another.

The presence of the feminine spirit in the history of mankind is remarkable, although there is found an overwhelming number of masculine names compared with the feminine, but this is easily explained. The world's history is written by the male, and is peculiarly an account of the deeds and exploits of the male.

Occasionally there are women who manifest the masculine spirit, for example: Semiramis had the male spirit, and she did male deeds so great that she stands by the side of Cæsar and Alexander. Joan of Arc had a womanly spirit, but she accomplished manly deeds: for saving a throne, leading an army to victory against an enemy, and saving a kingdom from subjection, must be recorded as manly acts, and yet how purely womanly she seems to us, even with her sword by her side.

In church history, and the history of the martyrs, the feminine nature is the living power. The community is the bride, and the bride is the woman.

Harmony should be our watchword. This should be reiterated often, so that it may grow in our minds and the minds of the people. The happiness of Harmony is what we all want, but we do not make sufficient effort to get it. We must be still and listen to the music of Harmony in order to be harmonized.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

The following message was given me, by automatic writing, for a friend, while sitting in the Silence of Soul Communion:

My Mortal Friend: Spiritual unfoldment cannot enter the consciousness as long as one is in the clutches of temper. This I know by experience. Those who knew me would tell others that I was a good man even if I did have such a bad temper. They were mistaken about my having the bad temper; it was the bad temper that had me, and it would catch me and make a slave of me when some little thing happened that I did not like, and I was really insane while the temper was in control, and I often did and said things that I deeply regretted and suffered agony for hours after I became myself. I had "professed religion" and thought myself a Christian, and as soon as I became sane I would throw myself in an agony of remorse on my knees and beg and plead God to forgive me, and when I had worn myself out pleading for forgiveness I thought God had forgiven my sin and I still could go to Heaven.

But temper kept catching me whenever something displeased me and when I had finished my career in the physical body and awakened to consciousness in the Spirit World I found I did not come into the Heaven I was expecting to enter. On the contrary, I was the same individual, but hindered with all the inharmony I had created while under the influence of temper. The old body had given place to another one, but the I Am had still all the evils that it had made to correct and make good.

So, my Friend, transform temper to Harmony. Keep an Even Frame of Mind, and Peace will take its place. Then you will have your Heaven "over there," for you will take it with you.

GEORGE EMMETT.

A woman who is harmonious herself will not marry a man to reform him—she is too far-seeing for that. The man who has been reformed by marriage has not yet manifested. We have known of men who were reformed while the honeymoon was on, but when that was gone the reformation was gone also.

"THE ONE FAR-OFF DIVINE EVENT"

To those who are in the habit of exploring the subjective mind, or the spiritual world, there occasionally comes unusual inner experiences. There are times of great exaltation of spirit when thought or spiritual feeling seems to travel far, far into the universe of God, and into the deepest meaning of life. These experiences take the form of visions, and they appear to be often of a prophetic nature. Sometimes one seems to feel that he can see the outcome of human progress, the end of the world's evolution, the final object of the Will of the Infinite.

At times the will of the individual, laden with a sense of Truth and spiritual pictures of life, seems to merge with the Will of God and go cavorting throughout the Cosmos, penetrating the Logos, so to speak, in every direction, and feeling itself to be perfectly at one with the fiat of the Almighty. And when it comes to this, there is the sense that the ego has been released utterly from all physical and material conditions. Indeed these latter seem to have entirely disappeared from view. Strange! most strange are these transcendental journeyings!

And it appears to the wholesome visionary that this immanence of the Supreme Being is accessible to every soul that lives upon the earth. And when the Will of God has been somewhat thoroughly carried out we will all have been caught up in the clouds of heaven, and saved. All wills will be merged with His, and all life will exist as One.

It is well nigh impossible to find words in our human language to describe the experiences of the Cosmic Consciousness. It is quite impossible for the individual to tell what he sees and feels when he has traveled out and met God and been absorbed in the Infinite, and his sense of being fills all space and all times and lies spread out like a variegated, picturesque and immeasurable Eternal Plateau.

A number of times in very unusual exaltations of spirit, the writer has had visions of an evolutionary scheme, normal enough, wherein the spiritual development of the world (not to say the Universe) was carried, in a sort of prophetic imagination, to an indescribable completion—a finality most astounding to the ordinary thoughts of mortal

In the days gone by he had developed his subjective thinking to that extent wherein the material part of him seemed to melt into his personal mind, and became one with a somewhat wide expanse of consciousness, and all mundane things passed into the same element as that of spirit.

Feeling and believing, or rather seeing, that he was purely a soul, his phantom ship of self sailing invisible in the mid-sea of spiritual life, with no barnacles of materiality clinging to it, he readily felt his close touch with God. Indeed, the Will of the Infinite ran through his own, and there was such intimate relationship between the two wills that they could only be distinguished as one thought might be distinguished from another. There was that sense of omnipresence with God, His Will animating the spiritual will of the individual, and thus carrying on the evolution of the world through the human. And in this wondrous prophetic view of life all mortal beings were pulled into the whirlpool of psychic commotion, first appearing like angels flitting through the air in great numbers, then fading away or melting into the ocean of the Divine Purpose and His Will. But what seemed the peculiar thing was that all this driving power appeared at bottom to belong to the one beholding the vision, and he felt his omnipotence and responsibility and the deific force within him to will "the one far-off divine event" into a Present Actuality.—Daniel Briggs Porter, in *New Thought Truth*.

If one could see what it means to speak ill of another or of anything, it would never be spoken. When we think or speak ill of others we give out a poison and partake of it ourselves also, and sooner or later it will manifest in sickness, accident or some kind of disaster. Abuse is not teaching Truth. It is putting out the Light of Love. Let us resolve to see the good in all. This is the way to grow it in ourselves and Humanity, and to uproot the crystalized race-thought that enlarges that which is not good. In the main, people in every channel of thought and field of endeavor are striving for the good.

It is time that we had learned that the animal world is entitled to as much consideration as we are.

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

SOUL COMMUNION FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

ARCHANGELS IN THE ROUGH

Calla L. Harcourt

My love to all the Universe of God;
To all the countless worlds by spirits trod;
To every soul above me or below;
To every form through which life's currents
flow;

To all that was and is and still shall be,
Though hid by the mist that veils Infinity.
I feel my kinship with the great and small,
From the humble atom to the Soul of All.
The saints above are but more polished stuff;
The souls below Archangels in the Rough.

If in some world upon God's star-gemmed
breast,

There lives one soul more sinful than the
rest,

Whose deeds are darker far than midnight
gloom,

Whom the self-righteous world to hell would
doom;

If such a one exists, to him I say:
Beyond my sympathy thou canst not stray.
I love thee, not for what today thou art,
But for the good that sleeps within thy
heart,

To wake some day when thou hast light
enough

To leave thy sins, Archangel in the Rough.

I crave the love of saints for love's sweet
sake,

But value more the love of hearts that break.
Mine be the hearts condemned, misunder-
stood,

In whom the blinded world can see no good;
O outcast ones, that never knew a friend,
Believe God's love and mine for you shall
blend,

And though your way be darkened here below,
An end will come to weariness and woe.
Your Heaven will dawn when you are pure
enough

To catch its rays, Archangels in the Rough.

When countless ages shall have passed away,
Our happy eyes shall greet that Perfect Day,
When all the Universe by Angels trod
Shall be a Harp of Loving Praise to God,

And every soul a well-tuned golden string,
That will with Heaven's divinest music ring.
Till God shall say: "In all my vast domain,
There's no discordant note of sin or pain.
The heart-gemmed Crown I scarce can love
enough,
Holds all that were Archangels in the Rough."

THE LANGUAGE OF COLORS.

White is the color, the aura, of Purity and Holiness. Everything that manifests Harmony has the white aura.

Black is the opposite of white—the representative color of inharmony. It is the fighting color. It is the color of despondency, misery and death.

Sky blue is the color of Peace, Goodness and Honesty. All blues are good colors for health.

Red is the aura of excitement, of business success. Scarlet red is the aura of anger. Wherever fighting is going on, either with the fists or the tongue or weapons the scarlet red is much in evidence. Red is one of the most useful colors to wear for success in business, as it is conducted in these times. Pink gives strength in all worthy business endeavors.

Green is the representative of the Creative force. It represents health, strength success. In fact, it is a good color in all its tones.

Brown is the color that represents the staying qualities. This is the color that represents the force that does not give up until the work one has started is completed. It is also a protecting color.

Purple is the representative of Power in all its expressions. Royal purple represents real wealth—the wealth that never fails. It is also a comforter. It is a satisfying color; and the real royal purple will bring out all the beauty there is in any one.

Yellow is the sun's color, and it is gold's color; and gold is the God that this waning age worships. It is sought with all the energy of the being, and anything, any sacrifice will be made to obtain it—even to giving up of Honor and Honesty; but it is pass-

ing, as all things do, and the power that gold represents will give place to Truth and Honesty.

White is sufficient in itself. It never appears so well and it is not so successful when combined with other colors.

Light blue is most useful and serviceable when used by itself, but combined with white it is harmonizing. It is pretty and strengthening and harmonizing with just a touch of pink.

Dark blue harmonizes quite prettily with green.

Red harmonizes quite prettily with all colors, and it adds strength to most all the colors.

Green with a little red is a health-giving combination.

Brown will harmonize with the darker shades of red, and this will give protection from accidents. Light brown will combine with almost all colors.

Purple and white combined give strength and purity. Just a touch of green adds force to both colors. Lighter shades of purple are very pretty combined with the darker shades of purple.

Yellow combines with different shades of itself, but the golden color is the most powerful by itself. All shades of yellow are successful and harmonize with each other.—
Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

Many people will tell us that they know it is not right to murder animals and eat their flesh, but each one says: "I cannot give it up. I am so fond of it." Suppose the animals had got you in their clutches and were preparing to kill and eat you, and you would ask them for pity's sake to refrain, and they would say: "I love the taste of your flesh so much I just cannot give it up." Would you not think that the animal ought to reform his taste, rather than to take your life and inflict upon you all the agony and suffering that is usually inflicted upon them for your benefit? There can never be an end to suffering individually or in the race until we recognize the kinship of animals and everything that is, and respect and treat them as kindly as we do our own children.

All things must first be psychically perceived before they can manifest in matter.

IMAGINE THE PLEASANT

Why do the Wits who get up the funny pages in the newspapers and magazines put horrible faces on the men and women and children of their imagination? It makes one feel uncomfortable and discouraged to look at them. It would make the humor much more enjoyable to depict pleasant, attractive faces.

Then, too, why not make jokes that do not hurt any one or anything? Jokes that hurt or ridicule another do not leave a pleasant impression upon the Wits or those who read them. This world would be a much pleasanter place for a home and we would stay here much longer and enjoy life much more if we would all think and do the good things. We are too prone to let our imagination dwell upon the ugly and unpleasant. We hope that our suggestion will take root in the funny man, and that all the picture-people hereafter will be pretty and good. It would certainly have a much better influence on the rising generation. Let us do away with the ugly and unkind, and picture at all times the beautiful.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

A favorite argument of those who still eat the bodies of animals is, that if they did not eat the animals they would increase so rapidly they would drive us off the Earth. Probably this is how the animals who eat us any justifiable excuse nor ever will be for justify their cruelty. There never has been the human murdering the animals and eating them except the excuse that he was so low down in the scale of being that he had no loving consciousness of kindness in his being. Already the animals are becoming scarce, because through the unfoldment of the human race the atmosphere has become too refined for them to propagate on the planet. The darkness of cruelty is transformed into the Light of Love.

The babies must now leave their disorderly toys, and go to the School of Order to learn the alphabet of the Science of Harmonious Living, for their own future welfare and happiness.

The World's Advance Thought is a Great Builder.

You cannot "go to Heaven;" it must come to you right here where you are.

SCHOOLS DEADEN THE SPIRIT

Violette Still Wilson, daughter of the former Mayor of Berkeley, California, has left the University of California before completing her course because she thinks university methods of education deaden the feelings and emotions while they develop the intellect.

To the reporter of one of the Los Angeles papers Miss Wilson said:

"I am tired of the past with its musty traditions. I want to help make history—not read it. I want action to express my ideas—not repression. I want opportunity to develop my feelings as well as my intellect. I want to learn by absorption, not by listening to lectures and reciting from books like a parrot.

"College girls of today are abnormal, mentally and physically. They do not have enough out-door exercise. They cram every minute of their lives with exams, which they hate. They are not healthy and they are not given time nor a chance to think. For those who do think present-day school systems kill originality and the power for fundamental thinking.

"The university, with its pedantic, old fogey methods, its high-paid lecturers and its staccato rules was cramping my soul. I became a machine so I quit.

"At the university I was becoming so mechanical that I could scarcely appreciate the flowers, the trees, the mountains—all nature seemed to turn against me. It is through education that ideals of the world will be realized and universal brotherhood become something more than a set speech, but never in the mechanical way the children and young men and women are being taught today.

"My father and brothers are strong for university degrees, but I have convinced them that I do not need A. B.'s and B. A.'s, etc., after my name in order to make good. I want to read and study those things which will help me to develop.

"Have you ever noticed how much imagination the average college graduate has? I am not saying that some of them do not come out with a few fancies left in spite of the universities. Many of them can tell you when your punctuation is wrong, but how many of them have anything original to say? I tell you, modern education kills the creative ability."—The Character Builder.

THE LESSONS OF THE WAR

So terrible an event as the present war with its attendant evils of brutality, cruelty and degradation, should draw our serious attention to the cause underlying the formidable and apparently invincible obstacles which constantly, as the years pass, defeat all the efforts of wise diplomacy, all the patient labors of organizations whose aim is peace. That cause is the lack of humane education. The spirit of aggression, the desire to increase national territory by taking, through force and cruelty, that of other nations, could not exist in nations if it did not previously exist in individuals in the form of unchecked, uncontrolled tendencies to selfishness; to disregard of others' rights; to indifference to suffering. It would be a wise paternalism which would by law require in every school in every civilized land the systematic teaching of universal kindness.—National Humane Review.

"Animal acts will no longer occupy a place on the bills of the New Brighton Theatre, and trainers of horses, ponies, cats, dogs and birds will henceforth be compelled to seek other quarters in which to display their power over the dumb beast. Having the courage of his own convictions, Manager Geo. Robinson issued an edict to that effect last week, after cancelling all animal acts which his booking representative had engaged for the seaside resort. Mr. Robinson has long been identified with a society for the protection of animals, and it is a well-known fact that his love for them has been the cause of more than one controversy with trainers. A recent infraction of one of his rules regulating the treatment of animals while appearing at the New Brighton brought about the decision that only actors of the human species, who can fight their own battles, shall hereafter entertain his audiences."—From "Our Dumb Animals."

The taking of an anæsthetic is proof of the existence of the spirit that animates the body, and also proof that the spirit is independent of the body, for when the anæsthetic has control of the body there is no manifestation of life. And when the anæsthetic wears off, the body returns to life, or, in other words, the spirit manifests again through the body.

PLUNDER AND POLITICS

There is no question in the mind of those familiar with the facts that through political chicanery the Government, that is the people who pay the taxes is annually robbed by corporations which are as guilty of stealing as the highwayman and the burglar.

Congressman Quin, of Mississippi, dared to assert in Congress, recently, that the rifles manufactured by the Government cost it \$16; that those bought from private factories cost it \$27—identically the same gun. He continued:

This machine gun which you have read about, that weighs 32 pounds, cost \$1200, purchased from private factories. As to the little tripod and the pack that goes on the mule's back, great statesmen on that committee inquiring about it discovered that a tripod that Sears & Roebuck, of the gentlemen's own town, would supply for about 30 cents, is supplied by this gun manufacturer at \$300, and that the little pack that goes on the mule's back costs the Government \$500 at the hands of a private factory. Any man who ever used a shotgun, and who is a judge of arms, knows that the machine gun, weighing 32 pounds, and a little tripod or pair of tongs to hold it up, is worth about \$75, but, manufactured by these people and sold to Uncle Sam, it costs the taxpayers of this Republic \$1200!

When we know that every year for a decade we have spent upon our navy many more millions than any other nation save Great Britain, it is plainly evident that no small part of these millions have gone into the treasuries of private corporations whose propaganda just now in behalf of "preparedness" and a "larger patriotism" is too transparent to be even amusing.—F. H. R., in *Our Dumb Animals*.

"I have often seen the souls of animals appearing in the depth of their eyes, with a kind of anxiety infinitely sad—the soul of a cat, the soul of a dog, the soul of a monkey reveals itself suddenly in a look and seeks my soul, with tenderness, with supplication, or with terror. . . . And I have felt, perhaps, even more pity for the souls of these than for those of my brothers because they are without words and incapable of emerging from their semi-night above all, because they are more humble and more despised."—From "The Book of Pity and Death," by Pierre Loti.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

As long as the torture of animals is excused for the sake of knowledge, and the art of healing men is made to rest on the deliberately administered agony of creatures whose weaknesses we are bound in honor to protect, it is no wonder that pitifulness and sensitiveness to suffering and to justice are so lessened that we have no real care for the hideous pains which society, for the sake of its own luxury, comfort, and amusement, permits, without thought, to be inflicted on the poor. . . . Much has been done of late with regard to animals, but the more we have done, the more vividly ought we to see the enormous evil which still remains; the more we ought to contend against all cruelty to animals from whatever quarter it comes, and whatever excuses are made for it, from the side of our amusement, our sport, our luxury, or our science."—The late Rev. Stopford Brooke.

Intellectually, we know that the roses shall bloom again, that the apple and the cherry and the peach trees shall again don their bridal gowns, that soft breezes shall blow and summer suns burn again, that fair skies and fleecy clouds shall smile upon us, and that all shall be the brighter, the fresher, the sweeter for the Winter's sleep. Still, in the face of all this, the human mind, in fear and doubt, would make us forget it all and substitute therefor its own pall of grief and minor cadences in what should forever be the triumphal Song of Life. Here every bar is already full of tuneful music and there is no room for one interloping discord. October spells life as much as May; Winter as much as Spring, for it is all only sleep, only sleep.—C. B. Newcomb.

It is hardly Dawn as yet. The world is just beginning here and there to catch and reflect the Light of Civilization, Civil Freedom, Religious Liberty, Industrial Liberty, Justice and all the finest and sweetest things of which the world has dreamed. It is Morning; and ahead of us is what? A Religion grander than the world has ever known, a church more magnificent in its proportions, broad in its structure, inclusive in its sympathies, finer than Humanity has ever dreamed of.—Minot Judson Savage.

HONOR TO HIS MEMORY

The Boston Journal of July 20, under the heading "To Be Kind," had the following editorial:

A young Boston man named Jeremiah Murphy died yesterday from injuries received when he was in the act of obeying the highest law of all humanity and all religion. He was trying to be kind.

There was a nest of baby birds high up on the roof of the building where Jerry worked. The nest fell into the street, and Jerry, like a good citizen of the world, wanted to do what he could toward setting things right. A mother bird is only a bird, of course; but then, she's a mother, too. Somehow it seemed as though that mother ought to have a fair chance to raise the little family that she'd worked so hard to keep alive in the miserable existence of city roofs. So Jerry climbed. And he fell—nine stories.

It's a strange balance—a man's life for a bird's happiness. We lords of the earth don't think much of the little lives around us.

But it wasn't such a bad way to die, after all. Kindness is kindness, whether it feeds a multitude or rescues a fledgling.

Don't we rather feel that we'd like to have known Jeremiah Murphy?

To every word of this tender and beautiful tribute to Jeremiah Murphy our heart responds. One thinks of Browning's line,

"All service ranks the same with God."

—F. H. R., in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Do right now. Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone-days of virtue work their health into this.—Emerson.

The vivisector believes that the greatest evil in life is sickness and death, obviously forgetful of the fact that the only thing that makes the human body noble is its possession of a noble soul.—Rev. Vivian Evans.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, betrayed his mediumistic and telepathic susceptibility, and his prophetic perception of one of the great truths of spiritual evolution—that the souls of animals are human souls in a lower phase of development, when he wrote, "What if it should then please the All-Wise and All-Gracious Creator to raise the

creatures which we now call inferior animals, to a higher grade in the scale of creation?"

"Why can we have Acts of Parliament in favor of other extension of good treatment to the brute creation, and not one against their tormenting imprisonment? At all events, we may ask meanwhile, and perhaps not uselessly, even for present purposes, whether a great people, under a still finer aspect of knowledge and civilization than at present, would think themselves warranted in keeping any set of fellow-creatures in a state of endless captivity, their faculties contracted, their lives turned, for the most part, into lingering deaths."—Leigh Hunt.

Those who desire the new work "Kabbala," by W. J. Colville, the well-known Inspirational speaker and Author, can obtain it from him after November 30th at the World's Advance Thought parlors. Single book 75 cents. It deals especially with the significance of numbers and with the interior significance of Bible allegories. The writer while in London had excellent opportunity for quoting from valuable works on these erudite themes and carefully produced a Series of 12 Illuminating Essays containing excerpts from many large and expensive volumes not generally accessible to the average reader.

It is very strange that those who claim to have a beautiful Heaven, for "belief," awaiting them "over there," should cling so tenaciously to this earth life and its miseries here.

So many people think that Heaven is in the future, but the future for them will be just what they are making it now—every day of their lives.

"The Law of Success," by Bruce MacLeland, Eugene, Oregon. Price \$1.00. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., 18 East 17th Street, New York City, N. Y. Based upon the proposition that events do not happen without a fixed cause, he shows the why, and also shows how all can get into touch with the psychic current which will carry them to success and contentment. It is not a theory, but a resume of a life. The principles involved are deductions from his own experience.

Nothing so rests the thinker as unselfish thinking.—Gouverneur Morris.

AN INSIDE VIEW

It was in the early settlement of Oregon that the democratic party of Douglas County elected an untutored, inexperienced, good, old man to represent them in the first Territorial Legislature. When the time came for the Legislature to convene, the old man mounted his pony and started for Salem. He was greatly elated over the honor conferred upon him; he stopped at every home he passed on his way to Salem. Ours was the first house he came to; he lived seven miles further south. He got off from his pony, came into the house, and, without wasting time to greet any one, he said: "I'm on my way to the Legislatoor." He even came out to where we children were playing, and told us that the Democrats had "lected" him to go to the Salem "Legislatoor" and that he was on his way there.

But, alas! his elation was of short duration. Soon after the Assembly got to work, several members approached this member from Douglas with some scheme they wanted to put through the Legislature, and they told him a very plausible tale of the benefits that would accrue to himself and to his constituents, and they got his consent to vote for its passage. After he had gone to bed quite early (for he had always followed after the old maxim that, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes you healthy, wealthy and wise"), he was awakened by people talking (in those tunes one could hear every word spoken in an adjoining room.) The voices speaking were discussing the member from Douglas, and having lots of fun over the way they had "pulled the wool over his eyes" to get his vote for their scheme.

The old man was not learned or wise, but he was honest, and what he had overheard nearly broke his heart, and as soon as daylight appeared he mounted his pony and started for home.

When he came to our house he came in, but in place of the joy in the honor that he had taken away with him, sorrow and disappointment were pictured in his face.

When they asked him why he had returned before the adjournment of the Legislature, he replied: "I don't want any more legislaator! I had an inside view! It is rotten clean through!"

Thus ended the good, old man's statesmanship. But he lived his life here on the Earth, and entered the life of the Spirit an Honest Man.—Lucy A. Rose Mallory.

W. J. COLVILLE

W. J. Colville, the Wonder, the Inspirational speaker, will be with us again, giving his first lesson, at 515 Morrison street, on Thanksgiving night, November 30, at 8 o'clock sharp. All are cordially invited. No admission fee.

Science and experience testify that abstinence from flesh as an article of food is compatible with the highest degree of intellectual vigor and physical endurance. Sometime, surely, the day will dawn when a more enlightened Humanity will cease to require the sacrifice of blood. It may be at an epoch far beyond our own, when human life and health shall have a value unrecognized today, and when the conquest of disease and premature death shall have been attained, not so much by the discovery of 'cures,' as by the discovery of causes, and the avoidance of every condition that tends to deprave. Meantime, do any of us wish now to escape from enslavement to the slaughterhouse? Nothing but our own will prevents complete emancipation. We have but to renounce what it tenders. The shambles cannot hold us in subjection a day longer than we consent.—Dr. Albert Leffingwell, in *The Animals' Friend*.

"Among other proofs that the taste of flesh-meat is not natural to man, we may reckon the indifference which children have for that kind of nutriment, and the preference they give to vegetable food, to butter, milk, cakes, fruit, etc. It is of the utmost importance not to debauch this primitive taste, and to prevent children from being carnivorous. Were it not expedient upon the account of their health, at least it is a matter which concerns their temper and disposition of mind; for whatever forced construction we may give to experience, it is very certain that great eaters of flesh-meat are, in general, more cruel than other people."—From J. J. Rousseau's "Education."

The Woman's Age is already greatly in evidence in the governmental cleaning up.

SPIRITS OF MAN AND DOG CONVERSE

Concerning the remarkable dream of Rider Haggard, apprising him of the death of his dog, he relates: "The dog Bob, between whom and myself there existed a mutual attachment, either at the moment of his death, if his existence can conceivably have been prolonged till after one in the morning, or, as seems more probable, about three hours after the event, did succeed in calling my attention to its actual or recent plight by placing whatever portion of my being is capable of receiving such impulses when enchained by sleep, into its own terrible position. — — By some subtle means of communication whereof I have no knowledge, it spoke to me, telling me that it was dying. — — I recognized further, that if its dissolution took place at the moment when I dreamt, this communication must have been a form of that telepathy which is now very generally acknowledged to occur between human beings from time to time and under special circumstances, but which I have never heard of as occurring between a human being and one of the lower animals. If, on the other hand, that dissolution happened, as I believe, over three hours previously—what am I to say? Then it would seem that it must have been some non-bodily but surviving part of the life of the spirit of the dog which, so soon as my sleep gave it an opportunity, reproduced those things in my mind, as they had already occurred; I presume, to advise me of the manner of its end or to bid me farewell."

A faithful attendant at the meetings in the parlors of The World's Advance Thought, Mr. J. Rolland Stillwell, has issued the first number of an 8-page paper, "The Medium of Truth." It is devoted to spiritual development, metaphysics and psychology. It is a monthly, at \$1.00 a year. Success to it, and may its pathway be strewn with many subscriptions.

There is one God—Love; one Spirit—Love; one Captain—Love. And Soul Communion leads the way. So let all united in Soul Communion on the 27th of each month.

Every personal consideration that we allow costs us heavenly state. We sell the thrones of Angels for a short and turbulent pleasure. —Emerson.

WHEN THE LEAVES GROW OLD

"When the Leaves Grow Old" is a book of Key-Thought poems by Egbert T. Bush. The first stanza our eyes rested on when we opened this beautiful book, said:

"This system crude
Will be transmuted by the rolling years
Into pure Gospel, fraught with magic grace
To guide the nations and redeem the race.
O wondrous alchemy! O lens of times!
The dross turns gold, the trivial looms
sublime!"

This book will bring a good, beautiful influence in the home. The price of the book is not stated. Address Sherman, French & Co., Publishers, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

"The Curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both are. Pierce through the Time Element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that with God, as it is a universal Here, so it is an everlasting Now."—Carlyle.

Each individual shares and partakes of the Love Power of the whole to the extent that she can enter into the consciousness of Love's Power, and this force will go on and increase in power forever. The fruits of this experience will carry the individual to higher and larger planes of aspiration throughout the Eternities.

"The Coming Peace and Social Democracy," by H. H. Van Kol, Editor N. V. "Ontwikkeling," Paleisstraat, 43, Amsterdam, Holland, Europe. Price 25 cents. This is a pamphlet of 36 pages, but it contains much food for thought, and is evidence how deeply advanced thoughts have permeated the European mind.

The millenium is still some years away, but, outside those journals which wave the red flag at every available opportunity, no one of consequence has shouted himself hoarse in clamoring for war with Mexico. Our Dumb Animals.

Is it not the sign and dawn of a New Age that the one thing upon which the world is now about to fall back is the Moral Judgment of mankind?—From President Woodrow Wilson's speech at Charlotte, N. C.

THE GOOD AND THE TRUE DO NOT PERISH.

THE SISTERHOOD AND BROTHERHOOD OF ALL

Calla L. Harcourt

I ask not your name nor your nation,
Your color, your creed nor your station,
But only if Love is your star,
The weak and defenceless your brothers,
The port that you seek, "All for Others,"
Then I reach you my hand from afar
And bless you whoever you are.

MEETINGS.

The following meetings for soul culture and spiritual unfoldment are held regularly every week in the Home of The World's Advance Thought, 511 Yamhill street, Portland, Ore.

A subject or question is discussed every Monday evening at 8 P. M.

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons, at 2:30 P. M., the members of the audience sit in the Silence and afterwards relate their experiences.

The Vegetarian Society meets in our parlors on the second Tuesday in each month, at 8 P. M.; and the International Ethical Educational Society meets on the third Tuesday of each month at 8 P. M.

All the above meetings have done and will continue to do a work whose scope for the individual and collective uplift cannot be measured, and it will eventually blossom into a New Awakening for the race at large.

All are welcome to attend these meetings. No admission fee or collections taken. All are free. Nothing for sale.

Send to Mrs. Ida Hulery Fletcher for a list of her Astrological and Occult books, at 476 Davenport St., Portland Heights, Portland, Oregon, U. S. A.

The New Astrological Bulletina, monthly. Price 50 cents a year. The "Planetary Daily Guide for All; Better than Magic." Price 50 cents. Address the Lewellyn Publishing Co., P. O. Box 638, Portland, Or., U. S. A.

Ignorance never learns anything from experience; Wisdom is always learning from experience—the only way to learn.

THE INTERNATIONAL ETHICAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

Section 1. The object of this association is to teach the sacredness of all life; the true relation of the human to the animal life; and the full import of the command, 'Thou shalt not kill'

To promote the study of the laws of ethics, and their application to character building.

To inculcate in humanity a love for Truth, Justice and that beautiful generosity that makes the strong supporters, instead of oppressors, of the weak.

To—by individual thought, word and deed—strive to promote Universal Harmony, and to hasten the coming of that glad day "when there shall be no more hurting and destroying in all the earth, for the world shall be filled with the knowledge of Universal Law."

Section 1. The membership shall consist of Active, Associate and Honorary members.

Sec. 2. Application for active membership must be submitted to and accepted by the Executive Committee before being enrolled as such.

Sec. 3. Any person interested in the work of the society may become an associate member by the payment of the annual dues (one dollar) when they shall receive, post paid, the official organ, The World's Advance-Thought, and shall be entitled to all the privileges of the society, except voting.

Sec. 4. Honorary members shall be elected as such by the Executive Committee, and shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Society, except voting.

The "modus operandi" shall be:

2nd. Seeking to present the work of the society to all influential bodies, and all educational institutions.

3rd. Seeking to organize local clubs, especially at every county seat.

4th. To maintain a circulating library of such books, pamphlets, etc., as, in the opinion of the Executive Committee, best teach the objects of the society.

The headquarters of the International Ethical Educational Society are at 511 Yamhill street, Portland, Ogn.

Life grows Godward.

Remember Whole-World Soul Communion on the Twenty-Seventh of Each Month